

Spring 2020

## Corey Rich

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## S, P, C

Snapping, playing and crunching  
Like feet stomping in the forest  
Chirping children  
Tattered twigs

Scraping, prying and clipping  
Like opening a gift  
From surprise  
To shock

Salvaging, patching and crafting  
Like a Surgeon  
From static  
To stagnant

Splitting, popping and cracking  
Like bones  
From the Earth  
Back to the dirt

Sanding, polishing and cleaning  
Like Morticians  
From the bed  
Into the coffin

Saving, protecting and cubbying  
Like a mourning Mother  
From disbelief  
To grief

Smothering, priming and coating  
Like a role model  
Gone now  
Never forgotten

Spraying, pigmenting and coloring  
Like flowers  
From vibrant bloom  
To Winter's grey

Searching, prowling and collecting  
Like a hungry animal  
Once stuffed  
Now empty

Stoning, plummeting and cascading  
Like a landslide  
Head under a boulder  
And it feels real

Sleeping, psychoanalyzing and cuddling  
Like a velvet couch  
The ceilings are always grey  
And they're never comfortable

Sparkling, pitter-pattering and catching  
Like a fuse  
Tik-tik  
Boom

Speeding, producing and cruising  
Like a machine  
Gears squeaky  
Gunky stuck

Slipping, parading and crashing  
Like a drunk  
All smiles at day  
Cries at night

Salting, powdering and crusting  
Like a grill master  
Mouthwatering sweet  
With a fiery kick

Splintering, pulling and creaking  
Like a heavy wind  
Trees falling down  
Precious wood

In the ground is a birch tree  
Planted along with half of me.